



# Please Suggest A Title



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## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Half dressed, Ava collapsed onto the floor. Her face contorted in pain, her hands twitched uncontrollably. Suddenly, a blast of misty grey energy shot out at every angle and the pain stopped as suddenly as it began.

Gasping, Ava shot up and snatched the smashed mirror from where it had fallen. Levitating it, she rose her hands and channeled her power through them.

Her blue and grey energy, full of swirls and whorls, now had letters of all shapes and sizes fading and appearing randomly. She screamed in delight, and her mother ran in.

She stopped dead at the sight of her, and she realised she still wasn't fully dressed. She ran behind her room divider screen and pulled on a pair of silky tight-fitting grey trouser and the dull blue heels gifted to her by her mother.

Stepping out, Ava saw her mother standing with her arms crossed in front of the smashed mirror. Her two fingers were out-stretched, a habit Miss Helop had while levitating things with her mind. It did not make her any less powerful, though.

"Care to explain?" Her mother cast a judgemental glance at the dresser; It was mess. Ava had been doing her makeup when she fell, pulling her dresser over, along with the mirror and everything on top of it. In fact, the whole room was a mess. Clothes were spewing out of the wardrobe, her bed was a mess, and their was smashed glass everywhere.

"I Manifested. It was messy." Ava looked around. Suddenly, she noticed the letters burned into the walls and the burn marks on her carpet. "But I can fix it."

Ava smiled, and closed her eyes. Casting her mind back to her tutor writing words in the air, she formed a word in her mind. Outstretching her palms and opening her eyes, mist began to seep

out of her hands. Letters formed and rose in front of her until they formed the word

FIX

The mirror righted itself and she could see her reflection. She stepped back into the frame.

FOLD

Clothes folded themselves and hopped back into the wardrobe.

TIDY

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The drawer pulled itself back up and Ava's possessions flew onto a set of shelves above the dresser, and the bed made itself.

Her mother looked pleasantly surprised.

"Come on then, we don't want to be late." She conjured a pair of gloves and pulled them on.

Ava finally recognised what her mother was wearing. A Shapeshifter, her mother had a different face everyday. Today, she had big blue eyes, and pale skin. Her face was sharp and angular, with high cheek bones and very red lips. Her dress was tight and burgundy, and somehow accented curves Ava was sure weren't there.

"Driving gloves? Honestly?" Ava rolled her eyes, and stalked past her mother.

Shapeshifters were worse than Writers. They preferred loud, colourful parties, with lots of alcohol and noise. Writers, they loved parties too, but in moderation. They were the thinkers, often seen with a cup of coffee and a book.

"Yes. My hands are cold." Miss Helop smiled. It was when she smiled that Ava was reminded of why her family were the royal family of the Ghosts. Each and every one of them had the qualities of a leader, including a winning smile. As Ava's mother often told her, a proper smile made you stop and look for a moment. It was in that moment that you could end a war, start one, or bring peace. It was that smile that made peace with humans.

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